

# THE EXPOSITOR

D · H O M I L E T I C · R E V I E W



JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL CHURCH METHODS

## *Eternal Father, Strong to Save*

### THE NAVY

*Eternal Father, strong to save  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep,  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.*

### THE FLIERS

*Lord, guard and guide the men who fly  
Through boundless spaces of the sky,  
Be with them on their lonely flight,  
In morning's ray or darkening night.  
O hear us when we lift our prayer,  
For those in peril in the air.*

### THE ARMY

*O God of love and joy and peace  
Whose power can e'en make war to cease,  
Protect, we pray, our hero band  
Of brave men fighting on the land,  
We pray, O Lord, in duty bound  
For those in peril on the ground.*

### THE MARINES

*God of the air and land and sea  
We lift our hearts in thanks to Thee.  
For all our men in every scene  
The soldier, sailor and Marine.  
Thus ever more shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.*

ANON.

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# The EXPOSITOR

and HOMILETIC REVIEW

*A Journal of Practical Church Methods*

## BIG ENOUGH

I CAN understand why they have such wonderful window boxes, a traveler returning from a city said. "They have few garden and parks, so they make the most of a bit of soil in a box."

Perhaps the explanation is right. At any rate it suggests something worthwhile. If you can't have a garden, you may have a window box. If you can't have a thing on a grand scale, you may have the same thing on a smaller scale.

Bigness is an illusion of grandeur. If ownership of a large estate is out of the question, we have no reason for being dejected. Remember the taxes that the landed gentleman has to pay. But how about beautifying the back yard?

Take hobbies, for instance. It is thrilling to read about the millionaire who goes on an expedition to collect tropical fish for a museum. You can go in for collecting in a modest fashion. One fan has an interesting assortment of salt-cellar.

Do you listen with envy to the world traveler as he tells about the interesting nooks of cities beyond the seas? Perhaps there are points of interest in your own city or county which you have not seen—the house where a poet lived, a cave, an arboretum.

Even in the matter of personal appearance this rule of making the most of what we have holds true. The wardrobe may need replenishing but it is still possible to be neat.

Often we feel that we should like more living space in which to spread ourselves, but the little corner where we are is big enough if we use it to the greatest possible advantage. If we look close, we can find "infinite riches in a little space."—P. R. K.



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**F**ROM the Admiralty Islands, far away in the Southwest Pacific, comes a letter from a soldier to his pastor back home:

"One time we were on one of these lonely islands, and one of the boys made a sermon one Sunday morning from The Upper Room. I had my Bible that the Sunday School had given me, but we had been in the rain for weeks and the leaves were stuck together. Then I happened to remember that I had my Upper Room in a rubber bag, so we used that. We surely made good use of it, too!"

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## THE UPPER ROOM

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Our first great war, we Americans fought behind the great Declaration that proclaimed that all men equally have certain inalienable rights and that "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men," and that "when any form of government becomes destructive of these rights, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government." How far we have wandered from that inspiring realism.

We were even more clear-headed in the Constitution when we announced that "We the people . . . in order to form a more perfect Union . . . and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity do ordain and establish this Constitution."

The issue in our next great war was to advance freedom by preserving the Union or, as Lincoln phrased it at Gettysburg, in the great language that is the hallmark of the true American tradition, "that this nation, under God all have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Then Woodrow Wilson led us into our third great war . . . "for the things"—as he put it—which we have always carried nearest our hearts,—for democracy . . . for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." Confusion had already put the accent on the rights of nations instead of the rights of men, "dominions" and "concerts of free peoples" instead of on government, and Union. Even President Wilson never treated freedom as something that could be divorced from human organization, never made the mistake of letting the people perish from lack of vision of the inseparable relation of freedom and government.

That mistake was never made in all our great wars until the present one. This time we have gone to war for freedom, indeed, for four freedoms, but the leader who put the greatest accent on freedom passed mutely over the primary American principle, that freedom can be secured only by instituting free government. There is no hint of this principle in the Atlantic Charter or in the Declaration of the United Nations or in the Teheran communique.

The best that our leaders have yet given us—how blurred or blind it is compared to the vision in the Gettysburg address, the Constitution's preamble, the Declaration of 1776—the clear vision of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

# FREEDOM THROUGH FREE GOVERNMENT

CLARENCE K. STREIT

For lack of this vision the people perish, and, first of all, our sons. We stand on the brink of the most difficult and dangerous of military enterprises—

the invasion of Japan. We stand with millions of men armed with billions of dollars of material weapons, but not armed with the most powerful force on earth—a great idea capable of arousing fresh hope and faith and enthusiasm among the people. There has not been and there can not be enthusiasm anywhere for reviving the Big Power system of the Quadruple Alliance, the Holy Alliance. There has not been and there can not be any enthusiasm for restoring national sovereignty, or for a re-dictated Versailles treaty, or a reconditioned League of Nations. The idea that freedom can be had without government has not aroused and cannot arouse faith or hope; the people know as do their leaders that ungoverned freedom is only anarchy in sheep's clothing.

Now, for the first time in our history we are sending our sons to battle unarmed with a powerful idea, unarmed with the great idea that made America powerful, unarmed with the moral force that could save so many lives.

Who is responsible for this tragedy?

The late President had a heavy responsibility for it. He shouldered the responsibility for arming us on the material side and discharged that responsibility better, I believe, than any President ever did. But whereas the President can delegate his authority on the material side, he can not delegate it on the moral side. This moral responsibility came first with Wilson and with Lincoln, and I wish the President had followed their great example.

The candidates for his high office have their responsibility, too, for the country's lack of moral preparation, lack of bold, honest, straightforward leadership in the highest American tradition, for the neglect in this crisis of our primary principle of freedom through free government.

The members of Congress, too, have their responsibility for this neglect. For 20 years



the standing excuse for not trying to extend this basic principle beyond our shores has been that "you can't get it through Congress." Had the Executive defaulted on the material instead of on the moral side, had the boys been sent to invade Europe, armed only with a great idea, would Congress have merely washed its hands? A Congress that could override the President on the tax bill could have assumed the moral leadership that he neglected, instead of passing milk-and-water resolutions on world organization.

After all, the first great enunciation of the American principle of freedom through free government did not come from any President or from any single leader; it came from Congress itself in the Declaration of 1776. Before there was a White House, there was a Congress; it has never lost the right to lead, and from the Senate itself first came the great formula, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

But before there was the Congress, there was the people. It was the people, acting in informal committees outside the regular machinery of government, who established the governments of the 13 States and the Congress: And it was again the people, acting through special conventions outside the regular governmental machinery, who established the Constitution,—not only proclaimed therein the principle of freedom through free government but set up the first Federal Union, the only form of inter-state government that ever solved the problem we face today.

That first generation carefully secured the right of every succeeding American generation to be as great as they were. They expected us not to do less than they, but more. Since we have never lost the rights they had, it is no use trying now to put on the President and Congress all the blame for our failure to arm our sons with the most powerful of principles. We the people who made the Congress, and the Presidency, and the Constitution, have the ultimate responsibility for the tragic fact that our sons must now give their lives without a single attempt to save them or to help them by first trumpeting forth a call that could shatter those walls as the walls of Jericho were shattered, the old American call of "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

The deep distinctive thing about our Republic is that it did not hitch its hopes—as so many regimes did before and do today—on great material power, but on great moral principles, not on the men in power, not on heredity kings and lords, not on passing presidents and plutocrats, not on fuehrers and dictators and members of a

self-perpetuating ruling party, but on the lead of men, on the humblest citizen,—and on the only immaterial intangible thing in him, on his Conscience.

The hopes of our Republic have always been centered before our time on uniting more and more of these microscopic, invisible drops of Conscience which the Almighty gave equal to every individual of our species, uniting them in a Niagara of ever greater majesty, and beauty, and power for good. So it has been through generations, and so it must be now or we shall have but a river of blood, flooding devastation through the Valley of the Shadow, for no community can live without conscience, and the more directly we hitch the community to the conscience of the humblest, the safer and happier and freer we shall be.

One night in 1917 I was stationed on guard duty at the foot of a gangway on the transport *Saxonia*. On either side I could see nothing but sleeping soldiers, in narrow bunks two tiers high. My orders were to close the bulkhead door instantly in case of explosion or fire on either side, and shoot to kill if necessary to maintain order on the other side, so that all the men on that side, at least, might get up the gangway.

These men around me were not enemies. They were my own outfit. There was Dick Jones, Bud Martin, McWilliams. All asleep. . . . And if anything happened on their side, I had to slam the door against them, condemn them all, perhaps, to death, and maybe shoot some of these fellows on the other side. And if I faltered, failed, I would be condemning even more men to death. They were all sleeping in an implicit faith not only in their own lucky star but in the guard . . . in me. They didn't know who was standing at the bulkhead door, but every man on board was counting on the guard doing his duty at the showdown, counting on me . . .

I still wonder whether I would have been man enough to meet that test. I thank God I never had to meet it, but I was forced to think it through.

It taught me there are situations where men must dispose of the lives of others, even the innocent. Where they inflict the most suffering and death by doing nothing, by inaction and inaction. Where they can hope to save life only by prompt and drastic action, life-taking action.

If I stayed at my post and did my duty, I would know, I wondered. Who but I? And I would probably go down with the ship.

(Continued on page 344)



# FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

AARON N. MECKEL

ON JULY, 1776, the Continental Congress of the United Colonies met at Philadelphia to ponder a mighty issue. That issue was independence. A long, lanky Virginian, Thomas Jefferson by name, was appointed to write a document which, when read even today, sends the chills up and down the spine. Many notables were in the historic gathering, among them John Hancock, who led off with his signature, writing it so boldly that George Washington might be able to read it without "putting on his specs." "The old bell ringer, who had been told to be on hand to start ringing as soon as word reached him that the Declaration had been adopted, was pessimistic," so Edgar DeWitt Jones reminds us. "They'll never do it. They'll never do it!" he repeated again and again. Then suddenly a boy appeared, running and shouting: "Ring! Ring! Ring!" AND THE EVENT WAS HISTORY.

We of this day might well dedicate ourselves anew to the ideal of keeping that Liberty Bell ringing. There is some truth in the observation that we tend to over-idealize our Nation's past, and to regard our Fore-fathers as a pantheon of immortals. And yet, so distinguished an authority as Ralph Barton Perry has written that "the Puritan philosophy has formed an important part of that fundamental agreement of mind and purpose by which the United States has played its peculiar role in the modern world." True, our New England forebears might have been quaint, gruff and austere men, lacking somewhat in humor; but, edged by the legacy of freedom and worth they left behind them, they were men of honor and integrity, the people of a great compulsion! They would agree with the Psalmist that "except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build."

It might be a wholesome practice for us to pause after singing, "Faith of Our Fathers Living Still," and to ask ourselves, But DOES it

still live? Is it alive *in me*? Let us then canvass a few aspects of the Faith of our Fathers, and be willing to allow the past to sit in judgment for a while, on the present.

## I

At the focal center of that Faith of our Fathers stood *a living and an Almighty God* whose will was sovereign in the affairs of men and nations. Said the aged Ben Franklin, "I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, THAT GOD GOVERNS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN." It was to keep that conviction inviolate that our Fathers migrated to these New England shores. The wishy-washiness of much contemporary Christianity was not in their faith. They were ready to stake their very lives on it. Their God was not a deity cozily enshrined within mere creed, nor a metaphysical datum spun from the mind of men. Far from it! The God with whom they dealt and covenanted was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, AND OF Washington, John Robinson and Roger Williams. He was the Almighty whose sphere of action was history and who had once and for all spoken for men's salvation in Jesus Christ. From that central conviction of the Fathers sprang a whole hierarchy of values: the primary importance of salvation and of the knowledge of God; the sacredness of the human soul; the awfulness of sin, and the deathlessness of the God-indwelt life. When that life-giving faith in the living God and Father is blacked out, then you have paganism, with its torture chambers, and its extermination camps. The Puritans were willing to be damned for the glory of God, if necessary, whereas we of this day hardly stand in awe of Him or doff our hats in His presence. Someone has said that the twentieth century would spend much of its time picking out of the waste basket the things the nineteenth century had carelessly thrown into it. Let it be admitted then that if Pilgrim



blood is to stir in our veins, then we need first of all to recover this vision of the Fathers of a living and Almighty God who demands righteousness and obedience from His creatures.

## II

Our Forefathers were also the *proud people of a book, the Holy Bible*, which in flaming word and symbol revealed the will and purpose of God for their lives. Let it be added, that if the Faith of our Fathers is to REMAIN a living faith, then we in our day must become the people of a Book. For the Puritans who invaded Massachusetts Bay in 1630 and the Separatists who alighted on Plymouth Rock in 1620, the Bible was *far more* than a book of lovely literature. To KNOW the Bible was not just to have a rote memory of certain majestic and comforting passages. Nor was its importance to the Christian narrowed, as it often is in our day, to the pages of the New Testament. Rather did a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures mean the permeation of the minds, hearts and wills of men with the Divine Spirit that inspired and breathes through the sacred Word. It implied an inner, redemptive knowledge of what God had wrought in the living history of a people whose story is chronicled in the pages of Old and New Testaments. It was precisely this inner awareness of the Word which enabled them to sing,

"Holy Bible, Book divine, precious treasure, thou art mine."

The Faith of our Fathers was then a *Bible faith* and only so can it endure. In a statement in the Living Church, one hundred Episcopal chaplains recently reported alarm at the ignorance of young men and women of their own Church concerning the *basic teachings* of Christianity, and at their indifference. They found them "uninstructed in the faith and unaware of its devotional, moral and social implications."

These chaplains go on to assert that "the chief function of the Church today is not only to nurture the faithful but also convert a pagan and indifferent multitude." Indeed, any attempt even to grasp the essentials of the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights and other basic items of our national heritage APART FROM A WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF THE BIBLE of our Fathers is futile. Nor will an hour a week in our Sunday Schools be sufficient to impart our sacred heritage of life and freedom to our children! The Bible as a LIVING BOOK must again be read, and taught, by mothers and fathers in American homes to their children. "The Holy

Bible," said Daniel Webster, "is the bulwark of the Republic."

## III

Again, our Fathers were the *determined people of a memorial day, the Christian Sabbath*, on which they kept sacred tryst with their God. Now, it is exactly at this point of Sabbath observance that much ridicule has been heaped on the Puritans of New England. But here, as elsewhere, it is so much easier to laugh at the idiosyncracies of our forefathers than to emulate their virtues! There is the fabled sea captain, for instance, who after a long absence kissed his wife at the wharf, and for such "Sabbath desecration" was pelted in the stocks. That *is* a little stern, isn't it! And yet, we have gone to the other extreme. The lack of the most elemental modesty one sees publicly now and then makes him almost yearn for the Puritan stocks! Or, compare the brittleness of those Puritan magistrates with the spinelessness of that modern mother who couldn't attend Church Sunday mornings because it would interfere with her Sunday afternoon movie schedule! Our Christian forefathers did not primarily attend Church to listen to eloquent sermons, to hear good music, or to meet nice people. They could be found in their families pews because they felt an inescapable urge to worship the true and living God, and because they knew that a great Nation and a healthy people cannot long endure without moral convictions, spiritual discipline and pervasive loyalties. Someone has rightly remarked that we moderns need a Bill of Duties to go hand in hand with our Bill of Rights! We are Sabbath forgetting and breaking generation and the net result is decidedly NOT a happier, healthier people, but one that is nervous, high strung, irritable, and psychologically and spiritually miserable.

A heavy-hearted and discouraged pastor was heard to remark that it is comparatively easy to drum up enthusiasm during week days for club or lodge. But try and elicit a comparable enthusiasm for a genuine Christian youth program on Sunday, and you come up against a blank wall of indifference. A chaplain with a colonel's rating was sitting at supper with a pastor at a Church convention. When asked concerning his message to that convention at the evening session, he replied as follows: "I am going to ask my audience: Do you care as much for your *Church* as you do for your *lodge* or your *club*?" It is a timely and a poignant question, even for those who consider themselves good churchmen. Perhaps our scale of values has not so much disappeared as become



refused. We seem to lack backbone and moral gumption when it comes to the first things that really make life worthwhile. And one of those "first things" would most certainly be the sane, joyous observance of the Christian Sabbath so precious to our Fathers. Here is a statement of fact which brings us to the short: "The future of the world belongs to the disciplined!"

#### IV

Once again, to the Founding Fathers, what called *government* was simply *the will and character of a people writ large*. That means that in the long run a people gets the kind of government of which it is deserving. In the Spring of 1945, Richard L. Strout wrote as follows, in the Christian Science Monitor, regarding the so-called "German atrocities:" "The German revelations remind us of the fact that is dug for well-meaning people who remain silent WHEN THEY OUGHT TO SPEAK and close their eyes when they ought to see. There can be no limit to the vigilance we must practice lest some day we, too, discover that—in smugness and indifference—we have been living unwittingly under the shadow of a Dachau camp." Long ago a great prophet gave warning that "where there is no vision the people perish!" The will and character of a nation of people,—*there is the real determinant* when it comes to government.

In this day of apostasy from first principles, let one of the Fathers themselves re-enlighten us as to what the founders of our nation meant by Constitutional government. Here are words, great words, spoken by Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States in the year 1830, words which every school child ought to commit to memory: "It is, Sir, the people's Constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people and answerable to the people. The people of these United States have declared that this Constitution shall be the supreme law. We are here to administer a Constitution emanating directly from the people and trusted by them to our administration. It is not the creature of the states." Now see! Political sovereignty was to reside in the character and will of God-created and endowed men. Good government lay in choosing persons who would honorably discharge the responsibilities of government on a representative basis. Compare *that* with the experience of a friend of mine who recently went to Washington, D.C., for some information. He was hunted from one committee to another, from one bureau to another, until discouraged and disillusioned he gave up and returned home.

Or compare it with the directness and simplicity of President Lincoln, who appointed an afternoon a week on which anyone, whether scrub woman or business titan, might come and personally consult him as administrative head of the nation. When the focus of government in a Republic is shifted from the responsible individual to some bureau which he can manipulate for his own selfish ends, then the dead hand of paternalism is not far around the corner. According to the sane counsel of the Founders and designers of the Constitution, sovereignty was to reside in the people, and was not to be imperiled by officialism or bureaucracy, whether on the part of one of the states, or in the nation at large. At a high school commencement, a lad had repeated the deathless words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. An aged Civil War veteran, who had been present when Lincoln first gave the address, reminded the young orator as to where Lincoln had placed the emphasis in its delivery. "He put the stress on the word *people*." The great Commoner was concerned that "government of the PEOPLE, by the PEOPLE and for the PEOPLE should not perish from the earth." In the tragic plight of Nazi Germany, God has made plain what happens when a people prove recreant to the sacred trust of government.

Do not mistake this message as a plea for the maintenance of the status quo! Democracy, like the Christianity that mothered it into being, is not static; rather is it a matter of creative and dynamic growth, an emanation from the minds and hearts of men who have really thrilled to freedom, and know the inner springs that perennially feed the Faith of the Fathers. Surely Goethe pointed the way when he warned: "You must win your ancestral inheritance *for yourself* if you are really to possess it." Nor will it be sufficient for us to bemoan the gradual decadence of Constitutional government in this country. There is need for a deep stirring of hearts,—for a revival of Christian faith and living in order that a spiritually reborn America can play her role within the commonwealth of nations. Meanwhile, we can do no better than take seriously to heart the counsel of John Quincy Adams: "Posterity! You will never know how much it cost to preserve your freedom. I hope you will make good use of it. If you do not, I shall repent it in Heaven that I ever took half the pains to preserve it!"

"Faith of our Fathers, Living still"—but *does it?*

Concern for fellowmen is the secret of character. Humanity craves for human sympathy.



# WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH GERMANY?

P. O. BERSELY

THIS article does not deal with politics, nor with international relationships. Others, the men in authority backed by the public opinion of the dominant nations, will have to settle the question of the government of Germany and the political and military controls.

We are interested in that aspect of the matter, of course, because the future destiny of the whole world hangs in the balance. From the long-range point of view the destiny of America is very much involved in the European equation. Isolation is a thing of the past in the minds of thinking men who know the score.

We have had high hopes for the San Francisco Conference. The most optimistic have had many of their hopes shattered already. Much good may yet result from the deliberations of these national and international leaders, even if we now despair of the attainment of the ultimate, so devoutly wished for by men of goodwill and prayed for by Christians throughout the world.

The world powers will undoubtedly continue to have their say and the culmination of their selfish national and international interests and policies will suffer but little diminution. If all were of the mind and heart of our own United States we would have little to fear in regard to the future peaceful state of the world. But the question marks are already so much in evidence that we are truly concerned and considerably disturbed. Let not the soldiers of peace give up the fight! It is not yet lost.

In my travels in Europe during recent months, I had opportunity to speak to many men in various walks of life, some of them men in authority and with a vast fund of knowledge of the realities of the European situation. The consensus of these men was that the war against Germany, though gruesome and indescribably costly, was a rather simple thing, with a well-defined technique, in comparison with the baffling post-war problems, political, economical, social, educational, and spiritual. To solve these problems will take the entire financial, intellectual and spiritual resources of the world.

The devastation is so terrific that it defies any attempt at description. I refer not only to the loss of millions of human lives and the wrecking of millions of human bodies, nor to

the unprecedented destruction of property. I think of the tearing down of that which it has taken centuries of Christian civilization to build up. I am mindful of the dislocation of entire racial and national populations, of the entire disruption of social structures and the distortion of Christian morality. I am thinking of what this hell that is called war has done to the people that are left. It has seared and poisoned and polluted the souls of men. It has bred lies and hatreds and bitterness. The harvest is appalling. It will be reaped for a generation at least. Long after the last gun has been fired on the Asiatic battlefronts, war will continue to take its toll in its grim aftermath.

The disposition of Germany by the Allied councils is not fundamental, but right now it is pivotal and it will set the pattern for future actions. It is therefore of vital importance to the whole world.

As Christians we are tremendously interested. What shall be our attitude toward the German people? Shall the spirit of hatred and vengeance prevail over against the concepts of the Kingdom of God and the genius of the Gospel of Christ?

I saw with my own eyes what the Germans had done so ruthlessly and barbarously to conquered peoples. I listened by the hour to the stories of refugees. Many of them were men of God. I do not believe that they lied to me. I spoke to diplomats who had documentary evidence of terrible atrocities. I heard the story, as told by men who had come right out of Germany, of almost unbelievable wholesale liquidation of Jews and other "undesirables," political and religious. I shuddered as I sensed the terrific inner struggle that has been going on for years and I was almost overwhelmed by a sense of frustration and futility as I pondered the thought that this was the homeland of the Reformation and the historical stronghold of the Lutheran Church.

What hope is there for the future if minority, dominated by gangsters who have scrapped all that is beautiful and good and godly in the Christian religion, can thus seize control of a whole nation and systematical and effectively indoctrinate a whole generation?

(Continued on page 342)



# The Editor's Columns



## nel Feet

PERFECTLY astronomical are the figures involved in the physical costs of war. Those of life, humanity's loss and family of sorrow soar to stratospheric heights far beyond the power of human computation. Forever we will remain on the debit side of the ledger of mankind, writ in the red let of the professional killer that is War.

Yet, as the plague relaxes an eternity's moment to gather strength for a later, more decisive blow, our blood-shot eyes turn from scenes of carnage and suddenly see that the fortunes of War, while secured by them, are and were in uniform, actually pivoted upon our laboratories and upon our drafting-boards, here at home. While we have been reaching, intently, progress on foreign fronts, we have dimly assumed a progress on the home-front of which we have not been alertly aware. Come cessation of hostilities, peace-time production of civilian used commodities will incorporate war-time advances which threaten to make Hans Christian Anderson look to his heels. Many of the war-stimulated developments are so logical, so simple, so natural that the Old Rip alive he would probably tender the crown he has so long worn with some grace if not dignity, for our sleep makes his back like a noon-day siesta and should deflate the Hollywood superlatives we are so wont to apply to our creative and inventive genius. He is led to agree that it is indeed a small degree of our gray-matter which we permit to function.

When our motor tires sank to wheel hubs spun vainly in bottomless Sahara sands the many made reservations in Alexandrian hotels. When the foot-pads of desert Camels were killed and then reproduced on rubber tire treads African rout turned into African victory

and the new tires played an important part in that victory. That rare and beautiful phenomena happened. Someone used his head.

What is wanted is not always identical with what is needed. Else the minister would be, in contact with his wayward flock, second cousin to Aunt Tillie's dish-rag, for vital, spiritual leadership. Yet there shall ever remain basic, psychological tenets urging us to do what we do and they are not only subject to analysis but are fairly dependable upon which to predict reaction to action, if one be interested in such matters.

Over the long pastoral course, not infrequently over a short, resultant course, it is inevitable that as a pastor mixes parish pigment, so shall be the parish tone, running anywhere from the spiritual anaemic pastel to the rich, full-bodied, primal colors.

From the hospital came the call of the deacon. Only dire emergency could have brought it for the pastor and his deacon had crashed their rapport on the rock of the relative value, spiritual, of what enters a man's stomach and what issues from his heart. "I had him where I had long wanted him," said the minister. "It was a great chance to heap coals of fire on his head." "How often they confuse themselves with God!" is the way a devout little old lady once put it.

Uneasy lies the head that wears the parish crown. Of his heart I wot not.

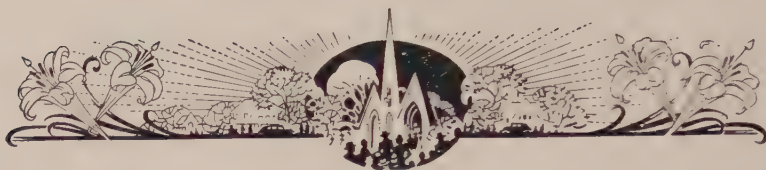
There is a divine example for walking humbly, for pastor and people, alike. That a minister should walk humbly before his people and before his God is as self-evident as making desert tires after the pattern of a Camel foot.

How few of us see the evident.

*See*



# THE CHURCH AT WORK



## Prize Competition For Organ Compositions

Under the auspices of the American Guild of Organists, a prize of \$100.00 plus royalty, is offered by J. Fischer & Bro., to the composer of the best composition for the organ submitted by any musician residing in the United States or Canada. It is suggested that the composition shall not exceed five or six minutes in length.

The manuscript signed with nom de plume or motto and with the same inscription on the outside of a sealed envelope containing the composer's name and address, must be sent to the American Guild of Organists, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y., not later than January 1, 1946. Return postage must be enclosed.

## Good-Bye to G. I.

Subscribers who have written for information about the volume by Maxwell Droke, entitled, "Good-Bye to G. I.", will be able to get the book at local bookstores after June 18, 1945, which is advertised as the publication date. Abingdon-Cokesbury is the publisher, and the price is \$1.00. A suggestion: designate one organization in the Church to supply every returning service man with a copy.

## What European Churches Have Learned During Years of Persecution

"Under the Cross," a brochure of 15 pages, contains the answers to many requests from religious leaders for material concerning the lessons learned by the Churches of Europe during the years of oppression and persecution under totalitarianism. The brochure is published by the American Committee for the World Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., 10c a copy. Discounts on quantity purchases.

## Prizes for Best Religious Novel

A Christian Fiction contest in which three prizes, totalling \$1,750.00, will be awarded for the best novels on religious themes is announced by the Moody Bible Press, Chicago. John Norman, Director.

First prize is \$1,000.00; second, \$500.00; third, \$250.00, plus royalty on each choice. The closing date is December 31, 1945. Manuscripts will be judged on merit only. All entries should be sent prepaid to Moody Press, 153 Institute Place, Chicago. Inquiries regarding contest should be addressed to above address, including stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

## Peacetime Conscription

This all-important question faces the nation and will force a decision one way or another after hostilities in the Orient cease. Are you informed on this subject? Are conclusions voiced actually based on serious study of this grave, perplexing, and urgent question facing us as a peace-loving nation? Are we, Church and community leaders, ready to take part in debates on this question? Are we ready to answer the inquiries of parents and young people?

The American Friends Service Committee Literature Department, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania, is prepared to supply you with study material on this urgent question, "Peacetime Conscription." Ask for a list of available materials and prices. Ministers, generally, are familiar with the record of achievement during and after the last war. The American Friends Service Committee, and will welcome factual literature on the vital subject of "Peacetime Conscription" sponsored by The American Friends Service Committee.



## New Life Missions

The action title, "New Life Missions," was given by Albert Edward Day, pastor of First Methodist Church, Pasadena, as he resigned his first-year pastorate to undertake the direction of a church-wide plan to re-vitalize the faith of professing Christians, and to attract the unchurched to Christ.

"What the Churches are doing," says Dr. Day, "by way of literature and schools of evangelism and retreats is important, but not enough. The preaching mission of a week's duration is not enough to enlighten and convince the multitude of the Way of Life. For the most part, these efforts are reaching only the church-going people, and have become 'more common tasting.'

"The name, 'New Life Mission,' is significant in that it escapes unhappy associations of the words 'evangelism' and 'revivals'; rather the term represents what people are craving, FE.

Three distinctive endeavors are planned: 1. New Life Preaching Missions. 2. New Life Magazine. 3. The Order of the Living Christ. Specific methods for accomplishing the purpose of the plan are recommended:

1. A two or three weeks' mission in typical areas.
2. Evening preaching services.
3. Two periods of daily counseling, 10 A.M. and 3 P.M., by the leader, wherever he is serving.
4. The use of the *question box* to give persons an opportunity of getting answers to baffling questions.
5. Public dedications, as they used to be made, by *coming forward*.
6. Personal interviews or inquiry room methods as a follow-up of public dedications, to insure that those who have taken the initial step may be led into genuine and heartfelt experience of a new birth.

Individual congregations are urged to organize preparation for the missions at least one month to six weeks in advance. Dr. Day indicates "that The Mission must have good mutual leadership, and must be undergirded by home and office prayer meetings."

## Crusading For the Children

Seven million enrolled in Sunday Schools by the end of 1948!

Five million, two hundred fifty thousand average attendance!

Two hundred thousand new teachers and officers!

A Church School at every preaching point.

Two million, two hundred eighty thousand new enrollees!

These are the goals reported for the Church School phase at the Crusade for Christ, by the Conference meeting in Chicago May 16 and 17. Two reports were submitted to challenge the Methodist Church: 1. a statement of objectives; 2. a statement of goals, abbreviated above.

Pastors in all parts of the country should read "Crusading for the Children in *The Christian Advocate*, May 31, 1945, page 634. Denominationalism is not a factor in this challenge to the nation, and particularly the Churches, to extend spiritual and religious training to children. You can secure *The Christian Advocate* at your local library, or from your fellow pastor in your own locality.

## Provision for Civilian Disabled and Handicapped

Rehabilitation Week, observed nationally June 3-10, is the outgrowth of a National Rehabilitation Program launched 25 years ago, for which thousands of physically handicapped Americans expressed gratitude, not only for physical betterment through medical attention, artificial limbs and other aids, but for jobs made available to them, which permits them to do their share of the nation's work, express their skills, and maintain themselves economically.

President Harry Truman issued a proclamation urging Americans everywhere to observe National Rehabilitation Week "to the end that handicapped persons may be located and advised of the benefits to which they may be entitled."

Mention is made here, so that pastors throughout the nation will acquaint themselves with the benefits available to handicapped persons (civilians) through the National Rehabilitation Program, administered through the vocational division of the Department of Education in most states. If you do not have access to information through your local school or library, write to the Vocational Department of your State Educational Department, or to Washington, so you will be in position to make suggestions to parents regarding the benefits available.

## Recruiting Men For the Ministry

"Eight thousand letters addressed to men in military service, suggesting the Christian ministry as a life work, brought 1,000 replies from



men expressing their desire to prepare for this high calling," Dr. Wm. Barrow Pugh recently reported to the Federal Council, and the letters were turned over to the leaders of some 70 denominational headquarters.

Here is encouragement for the Church; an answer to those who believe that the war has hardened the minds of our young men, and—the CHALLENGE to the homefront to match the 1,000 with many thousands more. How many of us suggest the Christian ministry to the young men in our local groups? How many sermons have we preached the last 12 months, pointing young men to this all-important choice of vocations? How many young men have we interviewed this year, with this specific suggestion in mind? How many individual pledges have we secured, looking toward the Christian ministry? Here lies a challenge to every minister!

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### Basis For Lasting Peace

"Peace can come only with understanding and understanding can come only with knowledge. Both must have spiritual motivation and divine guidance," declared Linwood I. Noyes, retiring president of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, and continued, urging Americans to give the ideals of free speech and free press to nations which do not have them, "such a contribution would be greater than territory in the form of colonies, because it is boundless; it would be greater than physical force because it is a moral force, but to do all these things we must first preserve what we have here at home."

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### Readjustment of Soldiers Exaggerated on Home Front

"Both 'foxhole religion' and the problem of the soldier's psychological readjustment to home life are aspects of the war which appear to be greatly exaggerated in the United States," observed the Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, in Paris, May 26, on completion of a tour of the U. S. army camps in Britain, France, Germany and Italy.

"Men who had religious training at home are those who generally are going to manifest religious consciousness on the battlefield and those who were not religious before generally will not be. Of course, there will be some men who will discover religion at the front—just as there will be some who will lose it—but I would not want to base hope for a religious revival on it. The men on the whole had the same experience in the last war, yet

afterward instead of a religious revival the world went the other way.

"The importance cannot be over-emphasized of churches at home keeping in touch with their men. If they don't give a man any evidence of thinking of him when he is over here they cannot expect him to think of the church when he comes back. On the psychological adjustment problem, Bishop Sherrill said that contact with soldiers indicates that the much publicized Stars and Stripes editorial "hit a nail on the head" and that one of the chief concerns of the men is "to make it plain when you go home that we are perfectly normal human beings." He continued, "There is nothing the matter with most of the men that a little rest at home, sitting under an apple tree will not cure. I am realistic about what goes on in the Army, and I am realistic about what goes on at home; there will have to be a lot of personal adjustments. Resumption of old relationships is going to take an immense amount of wisdom, understanding and patience, but the majority of the American young men are perfectly sound and able to readjust themselves."

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### Hymn Singing

"The young people in our village congregation at the local Methodist Church on Sunday night after the formal service is over for a sing-fest writes a subscriber, and asks, "Is not this a concrete demonstration that they want to sing familiar pieces? and prefer to do it in Church?"

The writer of this paragraph has wondered many times why hymns familiar to the majority of the congregation are not chosen for the Church service, especially the evening service when fellowship is emphasized, instead of selections known only to those with special musical training. It dampens one's ardor to witness a congregation, anxious to take part in the worship service, stumbling along over unfamiliar words or tunes, resigning itself to the fact that "it is only for the few who know the hymn," either closing their hymnals, or starting off into space.

Why not let the membership have a voice in the choice of hymns? Could it be that the phenomenal growth of the Barbershop Quartette groups throughout the land is evidence of present need for such expression? and if met in the Churches, the need creates its own outlet?

---

"You can't fly with the owls at night and keep with the eagles in the day time."





# THE PULPIT



## THE NEAR ENDS OF GOD

JOHN HOMER MILLER

John 14:8.

IF YOU were to ask me what I think is the cause behind every other cause of the modern plight and tragedy of man I would say that it is his loss of personal faith in God. He tumbles in when that which holds it up and holds it together is swept away. When man loses faith in God he cuts the string that holds him up and he falls from his high place in the universe. Man by himself can see little meaning or purpose anywhere. Man has to believe in something. Man cannot long sustain faith in anything without faith in God. We have seen it happen in our generation:—the more man lost his faith in God, the more he put his faith in dictators, governments, systems, plans and programs to save himself. The more he lost his faith in God, the more he put his faith in force, bringing down upon himself two world wars in the same generation. The dignity, the value, the sacredness of human life depend upon the ancient faith that in this universe there is but one God, that all men and women of every race and nation have one Father and one family. Drop that faith out of one end of the statement and the dignity, the value, the sacredness of human life fall out at the other end. H. G. Wells was never particularly religious but after studying the history of the human race and observing human life he came to this inevitable conclusion: "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God he begins at no beginning and works to no end. He may have his partial loyalties, his traps of honor, but all these things fall into place only with God, and life itself falls into place only with God." The plight of modern man and the tragedy of the modern world bear witness to the fact that life tumbles in when that which holds it up and holds it together is taken away. One man describes his own

Wilmington, Mass.

experience this way: "When I let God go," said he, "I found that I was compelled to let one thing after another go. I have now come to the place where I am about to be compelled to let myself go. I see no meaning or purpose in myself."

In our generation there are three kinds of people who have given up their faith in God. First, there are those who do not want to believe. They are glad to be free of the demands which faith in God lays upon them. They want to ease up, relax the moral tension, be free of the moral restraints which faith in God places them under. They do not want God standing in their way. Faith in Him would cramp their style. Far from missing Him, they feel relieved once they have given up their faith. God and their kind of living are incompatible. We all know one or two such people. They have deliberately made themselves emotional atheists. Then there is another class of people who have given up their faith in God because they feel no need of Him. They are community-minded, serve the common good because they feel that their salvation lies exclusively within themselves. They believe that they are the masters of their fate and the captains of their souls. They are quite sure that they can use their time better in social service than in spending it upon God. So the Russian Communists believed. At first they had no use for God whatever. They set in motion the most systematic attempt in history to destroy the faith in God of a whole people. Religious education was abolished. Seminaries for the training of an intelligent priesthood were closed. An army of five million Communistic atheists was put to work to drive God out of Russia. It took only twenty-five years to prove not only that God is not so easily gotten rid of, but that He is actually needed, for recently in reopening the seminaries, reestablishing religious education and re-



calling the five million militant atheistic workers, Communistic leaders who once said, "Religion is the opiate of the people," reaffirmed the ancient faith that life itself falls into place only with God. "For," said they, "governments change, political systems come and go, but man's need of religion is eternal." There is still a third group of people who have for all practical purposes given up faith in God, not because they do not desire Him or because they feel no need of Him, but because they find it next to impossible to believe in the God of this incomprehensible universe. God being too infinite for their finite faith, they have given up faith in Him altogether. To be sure, they continue to believe that there is some power in the universe, but it has little or nothing to do with their personal lives. Should you happen to be such a person, my word to you is this: Because you cannot believe in all of God is no reason for not believing in Him at all. Believe in all the God you can and I wager that will be enough to throw horizons around, run purpose through and put a foundation under life for you.

For God is touching your life in ways you do not even recognize. Rufus Jones tells of a group of children who had lived all their lives on an island off the coast of Maine. They were not receiving religious instruction. A summer resident felt that something should be done about it and he assumed responsibility. One day he asked the members of the class who had seen the Atlantic Ocean to raise their hands. He expected every hand to be raised. Not a hand went up. Thinking they had misunderstood him or were shy, he repeated the question. Still they sat motionless. They had never seen the Atlantic Ocean though they had swum in it, sailed their boats upon it and had been sung to sleep by the beat of its waves. They did not know it was the Atlantic Ocean. We are like that about God. God is touching our lives in a thousand ways, from the air we breathe and the sunlight we absorb to the prayer or intercession uttered in our behalf by someone to whom our life is more precious than his or her own. On another island off that same Maine coast Dr. Fosdick spends his summers. He says, "I love the sea. I do not know the whole sea. It is very great. I never sailed the tropic ocean where the Amazon pours out its flood through the primeval forest. I never watched the Antarctic Sea where Byrd made his perilous journey over the polar ice-pack. Wide areas of the sea are to me unknown. But I know the sea. It has a near end. It washes my island. I can sit beside it, bathe in it, sail over it and be sung to sleep by the music of it."

So is God so vast that He cannot be comprehended in anybody's faith but He has His near ends which touch our shores and wash the little islands of our lives. Therefore, though God be incomprehensible, it is next to impossible to escape Him or run away from Him. Our lives are forever touching and being touched by His near ends. Even the atheist finds it impossible to get rid of all of God. He is like the college student who for his first theme wrote on the subject "Why I Am an Atheist." The professor chuckled to himself when he read the first sentence: "I am an atheist, thank God." A moment ago I said that the Russian Communists threw God out the back window only to have Him come in the front door. An enthusiastic Russian girl took a government examination which included the question, "What is the inscription on the Sarum Wall?" She was so afraid she had not answered the question correctly that she walked seven miles to find out. Sure enough, on the wall she found the exact words which she had written: "Religion is the opiate of the people." She was so grateful to have answered the question correctly that she fell on her knees, crossed herself and exclaimed, "Thank God!" When we were in Russia we asked a number of people who attended church why they did. Some said they went for the music, others to please their parents, still others out of force of habit. But the most common answer was strikingly significant. "There is nothing," was the reply, "in our secular life which deals with the mysterious nothing that ministers to our inescapable loneliness." One young woman said, "Though I enjoy my work and my party activities, my comrades stick like lice in my hair. I cannot get away from them. In church, however, it's different; there I can really be alone." Then she paused, smiled and said, "Of course I don't believe, but I feel it is good to be there." Though she denied Him she was touching and being touched by the near ends of God. God who is incomprehensible, because of His near ends is inescapable.

Certainly the moral law is a near end of God. Not a day passes that we do not touch God through the workings of His moral law. No one ultimately gets away with anything in this world because no one ever gets away from this near end of God. The tragic condition of man and the world today is indisputable evidence that we are living in a universe that is not unmoral or immoral. It is moral, undergirded with fundamental laws which we defy to our own destruction. John Bennett was talking about this near end of God when he said, "There are definite limits on human evil."



en it has gone so far it comes up against obstacles which make it necessary for men to change their ways or perish." Moral law is a near end of God against which earth-conquerors and exploiters from the ancient Hittites to modern Hitlers hurl themselves to their eventual destruction. Because this world is built upon moral foundations, after this war over the victorious nations, Russia, England and the United States, will stand under the moral judgment of God. With all power in our hands they have the incomparable opportunity of history to make a peace based on mercy and justice and to rebuild civilization on moral foundations. These three great nations all stand under the moral judgment of God. In this war we are being touched by the near end of God that through tragedy we may learn to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with Him who cannot be mocked and in the breaking of Whose laws we break only ourselves.

And surely we see a near end of God in Christ. His first disciples were convinced beyond any doubt that in Christ they had seen God. They, too, found God incomprehensible and asked, "Show us the Father," and Christ answered with an assurance that still haunts us, "He that has seen me has seen the Father." To millions of people today Christ is their picture of God. They believe that "whatever else God is He cannot be less just, generous, loving and kind than Christ." They believe that whatever else God may be He is not less than Jesus as in His moral character and spiritual beauty." When you pray, if you find it difficult to visualize or picture God, think of Christ. His face,

Far from vanishing, rather grows,

Decomposes only to recompose.

He is a near end of God who meets us wherever we turn. He is the near end of God who stands by our beds of pain, the name our children breathe in their prayers. The low last whispers of the dead are burdened with His name. We can't help it, sometimes we wish we could, we can't help but test our lives by His. In our hearts we know that we would be far better people if we only yielded ourselves to His will and surrendered ourselves more to His spirit. In our hearts we know that those who will be entrusted to make the peace will fail unless they make it in His spirit and in accord with the principles that He laid down. We know that our bombers and battleships, tanks, guns, factories and boys will win this war but we are haunted with the feeling that without Christ we will lose the peace. As at Versailles He will be standing at the peace

table, watching. If again hatred and revenge are read into the peace, time will come along and tear it up like a scrap of paper. If mercy and justice are read into it it will endure. Christ is a near end of God who forces us to choose between Him and chaos.

Again, surely we see and feel a near end of God in ourselves. God is that something in you that is forever commanding you to choose the hard right against the easy wrong. God is that something greater than yourself that lays hold upon you, makes you go the second mile and do what you by yourself could never do. By yourself alone you would never be willing to pay the price of virtue, loyalty, discipline, sacrifice and devotion. Were it not for the near end of God in you, for the feeling there was a power waiting to back you up, to support and sustain you, you would not go on with the strain of trying to live for values, ideals and causes you know will not succeed in your lifetime. Neither is man by himself willing to pay the price of international peace and economic justice, but something greater than man has hold on him. And man in turn feels he has hold of a power that comes from the heart of the universe. A little girl, trying to catch a sunbeam, said to her father, "Is the big sun at the other end of the sunbeam?" Her father replied, "Yes." "Then," said she, "I have gotten hold of all the light there is in the world." "Yes, my child," said her father. After a moment of silence, she asked, "Is God on the other end just the same when I pray?" And wise her father was when he answered, "Yes, my child." "Then," said she, "I've got hold of all the power in the world, haven't I?" As the sunbeam that touches you is the near end of the sun 93,000,000 miles away, so the power that is always waiting to back you up, that makes you able to stand anything that can happen to you in the world and do what by yourself you would think impossible is the near end of God that comes from the heart of the universe.

But this is not all. We were meant not only to be touched by the near ends of God but we ourselves were meant to be near ends. We were meant not only to receive power but to transmit it. We were intended not only to open our hearts and let God in but to turn around and open them and let God out. The God who was revealed to us in Christ we were meant to reveal to others. And still more, we were meant to so reveal Him that other people looking at us would see Christ instead.

Many consider life as a game of *give and take*. Some *take* all they can get, even what others give.

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# PEACE

J. B. BAKER, D.D.

*Text: "My peace give I unto you."—John 14:27.*

**D**ANTE, the greatest poet from Homer to Shakespeare, was exiled from his beloved Florence by a political upheaval for twenty years and died in exile. In the course of his wanderings he knocked at the door of a monastery and asked for admittance.

When asked from within what it was he sought he replied: "Peace."

*"Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,  
Waiting for the war to cease.*

*Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
To see the dawn of peace."*

But military peace has always had the seeds of another war in it and nothing but a miracle by God in the hearts of men will make the next peace any different. Peace with hatred and vengeance in it, no matter how strong the conqueror is or how beaten the vanquished, is bound to breed another war. Clemenceau, the French tiger, after the last war, was implored to ease up a little on the penalties inflicted on Germany.

He was told they would win the eternal hatred of Germany. He replied, "Let them hate us. They can't hurt us." He was counting on England standing by France as she had in the war, but England had factories that needed customers and Germany's 70,000,000 people couldn't buy England's textiles and cutlery and coal as long as they were ground down in poverty. So England, by credits, encouraged Germany to buy her goods and thus drifted away from France, leaving France practically alone, a condition which Clemenceau overlooked.

You know the rest. In a quarter of a century the peace of the world was again broken.

So it will be to the end of time if hate and revenge poison the peace.

While I share with you the yearning for international peace, right now we need another kind of peace, the peace that comes down from above, "The peace that passeth all understanding." The peace of Christ, left us in His dying will. He willed His mother to John, He willed His spirit to His Heavenly Father, but He willed His peace to us.

Now, one of the saddest conditions in the world is to be an heir to a fortune and wander about in poverty. Yet many do it.

*York, Pa.*

Before the war the banks of Scotland had forty million pounds unclaimed by wandering unknown heirs.

A poor Indian with a packet tied to his neck was found wandering about the camps of the Revolutionary soldiers begging for food.

When some curious soldier opened it he found that it was an allowance granted by Washington for some service rendered.

How much better are we who walk about in the beggarly rags of worry when we would have willed a fortune of heavenly peace?

I know I am speaking to you in the dark hours of your life, in a time when everything fades out of your sight but your boy over the fence when you are weighed down to earth with the burden that almost crushes you.

There are times when darkness is more comforting than light, when solitude is more comforting than company, when silence is more helpful than speech. When Job's friends were to comfort him they sat by him seven days and seven nights before one of them spoke, "For they saw that his grief was very great."

These are days when no human device will do, when in fact they seem like a hollow mockery, and I pass them all by to take you straight to the only One who can help you. And He can only do it if you let Him.

The proof that He can give you peace is seen in the fact that He had it.

No man can help you out of debt unless he himself has money. No one can help a student out of ignorance unless he himself has knowledge. We can't give to any one what we ourselves do not have.

Behold Christ in the storm on Galilee. His disciples, expert fishermen, acquainted with storms, were in terror. He was calm. Sleeping like a child until they awoke Him, and as calm when awake as He was in a summer twilight. See Him when they led Him out to the brow of a hill to cast Him off. He walked as calmly away as He walked away from His native town at Nazareth. See Him at the grave of Lazarus at the funeral of the widow's son, at the deathbed of the ruler's daughter. All the rest was noisy, He was quiet and self-possessed. See Him when the traitor comes with the soldiers to arrest Him.

Peter was so excited that he whipped out his sword. Christ walked out before them like the chairman of a reception committee. Even when the cross His peace was unshaken, for He prayed for His enemies, promised to meet the dying thief that same afternoon in Paradise and talked to His Father as though sitting in the throne room of glory with Him.



had what it takes for every circumstance. There is nothing that was not covered. It is that Christ, your friend and mine, Saviour and mine, who offers you His peace. Mark well. He said, "My peace give I you"; Not a peace that resembles mine, weak dilution of mine, not a portion of "My peace."

He wasn't dividing His peace as a father divides his estate among his children, in his will. Because all power was given Him in heaven and in earth He could do what no man could ever do, give all of Himself and His peace to all people. And He was able to do something else that mortal man is not able to do, able to bequeath His peace to numbered generations. A father by law is only allowed to keep his dead fingers on his nose for two generations, to his children and grandchildren. Christ has willed His peace to numbered generations. The centuries mean nothing to Him.

The only thing that can block Him in giving His peace is your refusal and that need be deliberate.

One day the news will be flashed around the world that the enemy has surrendered. Some will get it and some will not. Those who do not get it will be the ones who are in tune with the temptation from which it comes.

Peace isn't something that you catch like a cold; it is something that you tune into. Some things must be remembered.

First, that that peace has nothing to do with special circumstances.

Second, it does. Human peace rises and falls with circumstances. When our digestion is good and we have enough to eat and our friends approve of our job holds and we like our work we have peace, but when things go wrong our peace goes out like the tide. Not so with His peace.

Third, we knew that Judas had a devil from the beginning. He knew that Peter would deny Him before Peter himself knew it. He knew that He would be despised and rejected, spat at and spit upon, yet He spoke about His peace as serenely as if He were sitting in a chair or among friends.

Fourth, this war, even this invasion, does not jar His peace loose from the saint who sincerely trusts in Him. I know, because I have spoken to parents who have boys at the battle front and with some whose sons have been wounded, their quiet manner and their steady confidence prove that they are standing on the promises of God and have His peace in their hearts.

Another thing to remember if we would have His peace is that in giving us our medicine, God never opens the wrong bottle.

The great gathering of people on Invasion Day into their churches showed more than most people realize. How many people do you think would have come to church if the same urgent appeal would have been made to gather to pray for the spiritual safety of our youth? Dangers just as great surround their souls as ever will surround their bodies. The way the churches of the land were filled is the way they ought to be filled every Sunday. Yet how empty they are. Jesus when on earth wept over Jerusalem and cried:

*"How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, now is your house left unto you desolate."—Matthew 23-37.*

The same condition prevails today. The movies and the baseball grandstands, the golf links, the parks, the swimming pools, the sea-side boardwalks are crowded, while the churches are empty or only sparsely filled. One preacher recently conducted a service with an audience of exactly one. This of course is extreme, but it is only an extreme case of an all too prevalent malady. We needed heroic treatment, and God, in permitting this awful travail of soul to come upon us, is giving it to us. It is a kill or cure treatment.

You will find Christ's peace if you remember that God is using this awful experience to draw the world closer to Him and give it better health. Some one has said, "War never was a moralizer."

Neither is an earthquake nor a fire, yet after the California earthquake there was a better California and after the great London fire there was a better London.

The trusting Christian finds Christ's peace in believing that this strong medicine will purge the world of its selfish provincialism and make it easier thereafter for the Holy Spirit to purge it of its sin.

Another thing to remember if you would have His peace is that you must use His word. It was given us for use, not for ornamentation. It was given to be "a lamp unto our feet and a light to our pathway." When pilgrims are ready to enter the Catacombs they are given a candle, even tho the mid-day sun is flooding the beautiful Italian sky. It seems ludicrous to hold a tiny flame, with the great orb of day flooding the earth, but the incongruity soon disappears when they go down into the silent halls of death. We now are in longer and darker

catacombs than lie beneath the streets of Rome and we too are surrounded by death, but those who have the Word to illuminate their path have no fears. Bible-filled saints are never filled with worry. You can no more fill a soul with both than you can fill a bin with wheat and corn at the same time.

Read the Gospels and Job and Daniel and the Acts and remember that the God who delivered the people who walk through those pages is the same yesterday, today and forever and you will have Christ's peace. It never fails.

Another thing to remember if you would have Christ's peace is that this life is short and its glory transitory.

Paul said: *"Our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are unseen."*

If we would have Christ's peace we must keep geared to God. Years ago a train in which we were riding came to a very sudden stop near Toledo, Ohio. Naturally the passengers soon piled out and walked up toward the engine to see what was wrong. The thing that happened was that one of the drive shafts of the engine had worked itself loose at its rear end and cut up a few ties and smashed a few posts along the tracks. It was lucky that it was the rear end of the shaft that came off. Had it been the front end there might have been a bad wreck to report. But front or back, when a drive shaft works loose, it is out of gear with its master and bound to get into trouble and to make trouble.

So are we. To have the peace of Christ that passeth knowledge we must have the mind of Christ and be geared into His thoughts.

It is never easy to give a boy to the army and never anything but hard to get the news that he has been wounded or killed. Our children are our dearest treasures and the lament of David over Absalom, "Would God I had died for thee," will always well up in the hearts of the parents who will receive the fateful message.

But even then the Holy Spirit can give us the deep inner peace of Christ.

During the last war we turned a portion of St. James Chapel, in Gettysburg, into a dormitory for the benefit of parents who came from the four quarters of America to see their flustered boys in Camp Colt. Some arrived just as their boys expired, others just after they expired. Sixty dead soldiers lay in one undertaker's garage at one time. The reac-

tions of the parents were varied. Some immediately burst out in weeping, others just stared as we told them the report of the hospital. The most calm was a Civil War soldier who took it like a soldier; who, when asked if he wanted a special coffin for his boy, said "No," he died in his country's uniform, shall be buried in one of his country's coffins.

His whole bearing was that his son had done his duty, taps were sounded and life's fleeting day was over. He spoke no platitudes, he assumed no pious attitudes, but he impressed those who observed him as a man who had clear vision of both time and eternity, who, like Paul, knew that all the troubles of time are not worthy to be compared with the glories of eternity.

Gear in with God, beloved, if you would have the peace of Christ.

## MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

MATTHEW S. HIGGINS

*Text: Gen. 4:9.*

**A** LONG time ago, so the story goes, God asked of a man: "Where is thy brother?" and the man brusquely replied: "I don't know. Am I my brother's keeper?"

Most of us have a rather clear recollection of that boyhood period when we first formulated the nucleus of our philosophy. From what vast range of sources came the words, and sentences, and examples, all bearing influences of one sort or another, some of which seemed to assemble and cohere, the little fractional ideas growing into a whole idea that was big, that we believed, and without knowing it, it philosophy had taken command of our boyhood thinking and our immature loyalties. A quarterly mental review will suggest that few spheres of life were omitted.

In the material sphere we heard men say that in this world "it is every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." It influenced our philosophy. Or we may have experimented with one of the copybook proverbs such as, "Honesty is the best policy." We found that it worked and thereby our philosophy was led in a different direction, and thus a mental contest began.

Easton, Md.



During those early years we were, perhaps, forced by association to absorb the idea that to be a gentleman and a loyal American citizen, one must of necessity be loyal to the Republican party, and then according to our relatives and neighbors, a terrible disaster to all the nation—the Democrats were elected. In solemn forebodings we looked forward to that tragic date, the fourth of March, when the Congress, the Senate and the Presidential office would be in the hands of incompetent, dishonest and ungodly men who thought much of *themselves and little of their country*. But as time went on, and bills passed into laws, and none of the dire prophecies came true, we began to question and to think independently, and we reached the sensible conclusion that men could differ on methods and objectives, and still be the best. And out of it came a new political philosophy, expressed in a growing loyalty to principles, to the nation as the embodiment of that humanitarian principle in action, rather than a loyalty to party or to men. More and more we observed voters becoming *independent* in their politics, and all because they had learned to *think for themselves on principles* and philosophies of government. They had overcome their fear of change.

Similarly, we may have lived in an environment of puritanism that condemned as a sin anything that differed from their rigid doctrine. The bigotry underlying some of the links in early political platforms had its counterpart in certain planks of its religious platform—and religious loyalty was measured by faithful support of a religious party and equally faithful condemnation of any other religious party. And then again in time independent thinking led to the realization that the *principles and philosophy* of Christianity are the important things.

Both of these illustrations indicate how all differences, all divisions, shrink in importance when we realize that in each there resides a unity of principle that assumes a tremendous quality.

In my own life-time, the changes that I have seen are almost unbelievable. Loyalty now remains no longer loyalty to a fraction, but to the whole. Not loyalty to a party or to an organization, but to a philosophy. Not the same principles, not necessarily the same philosophy. In one sense we might say that our best loyalty is a loyalty to the philosophy of change, and all the most profound changes in the past 6000 years, both in politics and religion, have occurred almost simultaneously. The changes in one have *compelled* changes in the other,—and the same thing is taking place

today on a world-shaking scale, and if we take a timid course, or blunder in these momentous times, these changes may move out of our control. They may compel a greater revision of *all* of our philosophies than has ever taken place before—including our *government and our religion*.

The character and the magnitude of these possible changes we must at least try to understand, working from surface evidence, and by comparison realize what lies *behind* and *within* this world crisis.

More than any other nation, Germany represents another philosophy, so diametrically opposed that they can never harmonize nor even live peaceably as neighbor nations. One or the other must go down in defeat.

The German ruler has boasted openly that his ultimate aim is to sweep the Bible and all of its influence from off the face of the earth. His attack upon the Jews was less an attack upon a race than an attack upon a racial philosophy. And he includes all Christians as among his worst enemies. To quote his own words: "We are not out against the hundred and one kinds of Christianity, but against Christianity itself. Even the Christians who really want to serve the people will have to be suppressed."

As a part of Hitler's official instructions to German youth, he tells them that "Christianity is a religion for slaves and fools."

His state minister for Church affairs publicly announced that in a Hitler a new authority has arisen as to what Christ and Christianity really are.

His written program of destruction led one by one through the small nations, to France, to Britain, to South America, to the United States, to Canada. His conquest was not so much a conquest of independent political areas as it was a conquest over a world-wide hated philosophy, that we of the Anglo-Saxon race are convinced is the very bedrock of human liberty and human rights, in all departments of life.

Foremost in this line was Great Britain, and then America. Probably never in her 2000 year history had Britain faced such an hour as this or we in our briefer history. We may call Britain whatever we like (*mother country, sister democracy*) but, whatever name we may choose, we must remember that she was the channel through which we received our own philosophy of government and religion. For many years she has been the best friend that America has had. For long she stood alone in this war in

sole defense of everything that we cherish and propose always to defend.

With such a vast, long-planned and overpowering attack upon the last European stronghold of Christianity and democracy (as philosophies) we must, it seems to me, remember that neither Christianity nor democracy, as philosophies, are divisible. They constitute a unity of soul and spirit that imposes upon us a similar unity of defense, and out of that unity emerges an answer to our text. "We are our brother's keeper."

As the attack upon Christianity was made by the unified force of pagan rulers and their peoples, so was the *defense* made by the unified power of Christian nations, and many thinkers are convinced that the only alternative would have been centuries of poverty and despair, the destruction of Christian culture, and all the beautiful things of life. This evil thing we could not permit to happen; God, we may believe, does not want it to happen. But here, as elsewhere, God works in human affairs through men, through the God-given *intelligence* of men. Our intelligence tells us much about the changed strategy of war, with its new initial campaign of propaganda (as much a part of war as cannons and bombs), its fervent anti-Christian missionaries working ceaselessly spying out the ground, creating discontent, rounding up the lazy, the dull of mind, and the incompetent. They organized traitors for murder and destruction, more loyal to their damnable philosophy than we are to our *Christian* philosophy. In this present warfare, propaganda was *definitely* the opening attack.

Now, as we all know, defense against artillery is defensive artillery; defense against airplanes is defensive airplanes. Similarly, the defense against propaganda is opposing defensive propaganda—*world-wide!*

As we now know of this propaganda bombarding us for several years, we certainly are aware that the Nazi attack upon America has long been under way. If, as Hitler said, his purpose was to destroy Christianity and all of its works, with whom lies the responsibility for the *first* line of defense? Upon the Church! And we have weapons so far superior to his that there can be but one final result *if* we will use them. Nazi propaganda weapons are falsehood, setting friend against friend, nation against nation, and the negation of spiritual law. Our weapons are *truth* and centuries-old proof of the spiritual and material profit in building a civilization with spiritual law as a base. To nail down this fact, we have only to recall the *ignorance*, the *poverty*, the *misery* of

all non-Christian nations in comparison with the wealth, the comforts, and even what Europeans would call the impossible luxuries, common in genuinely Christian nations. This is not due to superior intellect, or greater natural resources, or ingenuity in developing them. It is due *more* to the Christian spirit which leads us to research and organization for the purpose of sharing with every individual in our population the benefits of *all* of our resources and inventiveness.

We salute the flag that waves over it all with reverence. We salute the cross from which our inspiration came as something apart, that has no place nor power in international relationships, and thereby we unconsciously tell the world that our Christian philosophy is strict *by, with and for* America. We thus declare our apparent belief that Christianity *is* divisible, and, like the Pharisees, we thank God that we were wise enough to make more of it than other nations. This group thus denies that we are our brother's keeper.

And so now, we expend billions of dollars for our second and third lines of defense because in the past Christians failed in the *first* line of defense.

If, however, our loyalty to the Christian philosophy has continued on into our adult life and has become a *mature* loyalty, it must have deepened and widened, it must have become so clarified as to make visible the broad reach of our *fixed* responsibilities and our obedience to our Captain's command: "Go into *all* the world." It must have convinced that Christianity as a realistic working formula is the *most* necessary component part of world politics, and that only by sending it abroad can we even hope to keep it for ourselves here at home.

---

#### WHY NOT NOW?

There's a song that faith can sing,  
Why not now?  
There's a hope a friend may bring,  
Why not now?  
Hoarding the sunshine does not pay,  
Joy was meant to give away,  
Why not share your gifts today?  
Why not now?  
  
There are burdens love may lift,  
Why not now?  
Kindness bears a golden gift,  
Why not now?  
Earth has never known a creed  
Like a pure unselfish deed,  
Hearts are aching, give a heed,  
Why not now?

—Alfred Grant Walton.



# ILLUSTRATIONS

WM. J. HART, D.D.

## Building a Call to Prayer

9:44: "And I will sanctify the tabernacle the congregation, and the altar."

was taken the other day to see our parish church at Iffley, one of the most lovely of North Oxfordshire churches. You enter at the back of the church, the eye is carried past the deep window, under arch after arch, up and up to the altar in the chancel, the significant point, the focus of all the building. There is no doubt for what purpose that building was erected; why, its very structure is a call to prayer!—*Illico, in The British Weekly.*

## Godland Tragedy

2:10: "Faithful unto death."

The forest fire had been brought under control and we started wearily home, shouldering axes and shovels. Col and I took a short cut through part of the "burn," and we soon came upon a large buck deer. We thought he was traveling across the burn to the creek. But the big fellow headed directly toward us. He stopped. He came on until he was only a few paces from us. Then he snorted and stamped the blackened ground.

"Look out!" whispered Col. "He must be hurt!"

However, the buck whirled and started back the way he had come, then stopped again. Once he started off, and when we began to follow he circled us and tried to head us in the direction he apparently wanted us to go.

We gave in and followed him. He led us over a knoll and down into a hollow. We stood speechless, for the buck had led us to a Godland tragedy. There were the bodies of several fawns, victims of the fire. Worst of all, there was the doe. Mother love had held her in smoke and flames claimed her young. Her brave heart had held on; but her coat was scorched off, she was smoke-blinded, and her legs were terribly burned. I rushed forward and ended her agony with a blow of my axe.

Col and I looked up, with blurred eyes, to see the buck leaving us. He had remained faithful to his mate; and in the hour of her desperate need he had known what he must do. He had come to the only source of possible aid: to man.—*Sgt. Donald C. Bowman, in Deer's Digest.*

## We Need Each Other

Rom. 14:7: "For none of us liveth to himself."

A gardener was explaining recently the process of grafting. This has become quite a science among the growers of flowers. It is done to secure, as far as possible, a combination of excellent qualities. One flower has a delightful appearance but no fragrance. Another type has a sweet fragrance but is distinctly lacking in beauty. Others, which possess much beauty and fragrance, are so fragile that they are of little value.

The gardener seeks to secure by the process of grafting a combination of these qualities. He unites beauty and fragrance with strength. No man in himself has all the qualities essential for a strong church, but by being himself he can contribute his best to the "Household of Faith."—*Archer Wallace.*

## Bachelor Buttons in Africa

Psa. 143:5: "I remember the days of old."

The following excerpt is from a letter written to Mrs. Charles Porter, of Newfane, N. Y., by her brother in Africa. Says Mrs. Porter, "He has not been heard from, but if, as we dread to learn, this will be his last comment on life, it is comforting to know what a lovely memory of home he carried with him."

One of the amazing things about being away from home for so long is the way that every day things back there become so clear. For instance, the way I can see in my mind the millions of bachelor buttons in that big field over near Mott's. I can just see the funny color of blue or purple or whatever it is, kind of a mixture of both, I guess. I didn't ever, that I remember, stop and look at them and say: "Now, there's a field of flowers," but now over here where there's hardly any vegetation at all, those darn flowers keep coming into my mind. My word, how did I ever get to feeling fed up with home?

The same way with the truck—all I ever noticed about it was that it was a Chevy, sort of rusty-black in color and it rattled like a hailstorm every time it pulled in the yard. But now I can see it as it was right here in front of me and smell it even, hot oil and dusty in the cab. Well, you folks home have got the cards I sent you, on which I jokingly said, "Having terrible time, wish I was home." I didn't mean it. I don't want to go back until it's finished. But when I get back, I'm going to drive the Chevy over in that field of bachelor



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buttons and hang a sign on, "Don't Disturb What I mean!"—*Jack Falken, in The Lad Home Journal, Nov. 1944.*

## Homes For Families

*Psa. 68:6: "Setteth the solitary in families."*

Mary Ridge, a St. Louis suburban development devoted exclusively to big families, is inspiration of Charles F. Vatterott, Jr., a real estate man and father of eight children. In developing 20 subdivisions and building of 2000 homes, he found that he had to turn down applications from large families because neighbors objected to them. In 1940 he launched Mary Ridge with the proviso that only families with children could buy or rent in the development. The average there is five children per family.—*The Reader's Digest.*

## Why Flowers Grow

A little girl was watching her mother working among the flowers.

"Mother," she said, "I know why flowers grow; they want to get out of the dirt!"

That is a child's saying, and like innumerable sayings of children, it has a deep and significant significance. When I heard it, I thought I expressed what ought to be the aspiration of progress of the soul. Our lives ought to be continually rising into the floral beauty and getting away from the dirt.

Our spirits should be climbing into heavenly places, laden with flowers and fruits and continually getting away from the flesh. And that is not the only line of aspiration. It is the gracious purpose of God. What we ought to be we can be; the power of the resurrection can lift us into life and beauty, and we may be like the whitest lily, pure and undefiled.—*An Italian Christian.*

## If a Dollar Could Speak

If a dollar could speak, "He" would likely say:

"On my face is written, 'In God We Trust' put there by men who had faith in America and in God who had guided them in the making of their country. How true are we today to the faith of our forefathers?"

"For each person in America during 1943:

51 of us were spent on gambling.

46 of us were spent on liquor.

38 of us were spent on medical care.

30 of us were spent on sports.

28 of us were spent on education.

16 of us were spent on cosmetics.



of us were spent on tobacco.  
of us were spent on movies.  
of us were given for religious purposes.  
—*Southern Baptist Handbook, 1943.*

eight and one-half times as much for gam-  
seven and three-fourths times as much  
whiskey, two and one-sixth times as much  
the movies as for the church."  
Each of we Christians draw our own con-  
clusion. Surely each of us will resolve to give  
less than a tithe of our income to the  
church. The building of the New Youth Center  
is a very easy thing to do if the member-  
ship of our church will tithe during 1945.

### Tell on Yourself

*Tell on yourself by the friends you seek,  
by the manner in which you speak.  
By the way you employ your leisure time.  
By the use you make of dollar and dime.*

*Tell what you are by the things you wear,  
by the spirit in which your burdens bear,  
by the kind of things at which you laugh,  
by the records you play on the phonograph.*

*Tell what you are by the way you walk,  
by the things of which you delight to talk,  
by the manner in which you bear defeat,  
by the simple things as how to eat.*

*By the books you choose from the well-filled  
shelf;  
By these ways and more, you tell on yourself;  
Where's really no particle of sense  
in effort to keep up false pretense.  
—From The Lighted Pathway.*

### A Soldier Makes His Prayer to God

Almighty and all present Power,  
This is the prayer I make to Thee,  
Do not ask in battle-hour  
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,  
From which the stars do not depart  
May not be turned aside to stay  
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,  
I seek no petty victory here,  
The enemy I hate, I know  
That Thee is also dear.

But this I pray, be at my side  
When death is drawing through the sky.  
Almighty God who also died  
Teach me the way that I should die.

*Written by Sergeant Hugh Brodie, Royal Australian  
Air Force, now missing in action.*



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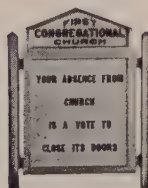
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This is a timely book to strengthen the faith of children and youth in our churches. The author is explicit about a very basic weakness in the Christian Education program of our Church Schools, which is failure to give the child an appreciation of worship and to train him for worship at the public worship services.

In the introduction Mr. Paulsen says, "The Church School has failed to relate itself to the Church in the matter of attendance at public or common worship. But the failure comes not in having tried and failed, but in not having tried at all." The author points to the solution of the problem when he says, "People have to learn to worship . . . The Church School needs not alone to provide for worship so that boys and girls may experience it, but also to provide a program of training in worship."

All ministers and leaders in our Church Schools should have this book to guide them in the development of an effective curriculum of worship, and ultimately to train the children for the public worship services.—J. Sessler.

### GOD—THE ETERNAL PARADOX

Edited by Paul Zeller Strodach. The Muhlenberg Press. 243 pp. Price, \$2.00.

This is a volume of eighteen Lenten sermons contributed by eighteen Lutheran pastors of the United Lutheran Church in America. They are all sermons that have been preached. The printing and binding of the volume is excellent.

In the Foreword the editor says: "And no doubt, such seems to be the natural or usual thing!—some will say!—'They ALL are GOOD!'—for not one of them misses the mark; not one of them has an uncertain voice; not one of them fails in witnessing." This reviewer, however, is not equally impressed by all the sermons.

The first sermon, which also furnishes the title for the book, is by Dr. Paul Scherer and, as one might anticipate, is brilliant. All the sermons are Christ-centered and edifying. Lenten sermons are perhaps usually and of necessity largely historical in substance. Yet it seems that in some of them there could be more warmth, more of the element that somehow causes one to feel a part of the drama rather than one who stands afar off as an onlooker. Often one misses the "lift" that inspires and strengthens. The book could, however, make a valuable addition to one's library of Lenten material.—Victor E. Beck.

### THE CONSTANT FIRE

By Allan Knight Chalmers. Charles Scribner's Sons. 172 pp. \$2.00.

Jesus' way of life is true and attainable for every common man, Dr. Chalmers declares. If a man does not choose to believe this, he becomes a pessimist through despair. A stubborn faith in God, on the other hand, makes a man an optimist through discontent. "If the sight of God turns him not to despair but to discontent, there will burn in his heart the unquenchable fire of a great idea. He has seen a glimpse of beauty. He cannot extinguish this idea. The idea persists in spite of defeat and recurrent failure."



man must discover truth for himself, else some will show him how second-hand his faith is. He therefore, to have a sense of importance in unity's basic ideas. The minister of Broadway Church in New York, says that it is not necessary for the reader to agree with all that is written in his book. "But to find the stubborn faith which is both true and effectual in facing the tempests of this world, to find both our necessity and our responsibility." Understanding the inner conflict going on in a man, the author fervently proclaims the centrality of Christ and urges the reader to choose as leader Him who has made our ways and made those ways a Way which leads to God."—*Paul R. Kirts.*

#### **JESUS GREW.**

Carl H. Doughty and Paul H. Vieth. Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$1.25.

Church School teacher of Third and Fourth Grades and boys and girls will find this book of invaluable aid both by way of suggestiveness and direction. In the book was written for use in the Weekday Church School, it also offers priceless aid to teachers of Third and Fourth Grades in the Sunday School. The objective of the author is "to assist teacher and child in developing wholesome experiences which will lead to Christian living in everyday relationships." It is a creative book calculated to aid in creative teaching and living. It is a book that will help teachers to know themselves, as well as to help them find their way and to help their pupils find God as life's great reality.

Heartily commend this timely book to all teachers of Third and Fourth Grades in our Church Schools, especially to those who teach in Weekday Church Schools.—*Roy C. Helfenstein.*

#### **TOOLS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT**

Gordon Brownville. Revell. 140 pp. \$1.50.

In the ten symbols considered by the author in his chapters, only the first, the dove, is used in the Bible as a symbol of the Holy Spirit. There is no unity, however, save the author's, for calling "oil," "rivers," "raindrops," "snow," "salt," "signet," "light" symbols of the Holy Spirit. In doing so and in attempting to preach sermons on texts in which the nine terms occur, using the terms as symbols of the Holy Spirit, the author appears to commit the error of improper spiritualizing.—*Paul R. Kirts.*

#### **ROADS OF THE UNIVERSE**

G. Glover Johnson. Scribner's. 316 pp. \$2.50.

The subtitle is "An Introduction to Christian Philosophy." The author is head of the Department of Religion and Chaplain of the Mount Hermon School in Massachusetts. "(The) material has developed during the last six years, where it has been tested in the classroom and has undergone constant revision on the basis of use." The volume is divided into three main sections: the Realms of Science, Spirit, and Social Relations. In all the discussions the point to be defined is "What is the meaning of this for religion?" The book is simply and clearly written, remarkably so when compared with some of the volumes on the same subject which have been coming from the presses in a constant stream for some years. It has delighted this reviewer and he commends it. It is a good book and will appeal to many. It can be used to effect among high school students and young college people. Men's classes could be interested in it. Indeed, any groups discussing religion in this age could find much of high value in it. —*M. Tait Paterson.*

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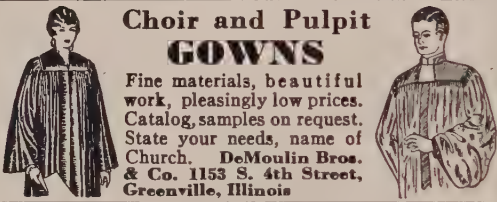
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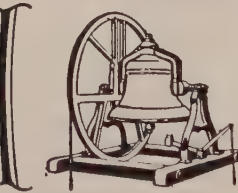
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## Germany

(Continued from page 322)

with the perverse tenets of a destructive paganism?

From a military point of view the Allies have laid Germany low. Its great cities have been reduced to shambles. A large part of the country is a mass of ruins. But let it be said and known, in truth, that the Allies have destroyed Germany. Hitler and his gang, with vengeance, to the bitter end. Hitler's crime was primarily a crime against the German people. How and why they stood for it will continue to be one of the enigmas of history. Whatever the answer, the German people, such, must share the blame for what happened.

However, the Christian Church cannot simply must not succumb to a spirit of hopeless defeatism. That would indeed be a denial of the faith and an abdication of the power given to the Church. It would also be disobedience to the command of the Lord whose orders must be summed up in three words, "Love, evangelize." These are still the marching orders for this day.

The cause is not a hopeless one. While in Europe I learned from authoritative sources of a spiritual resistance movement in Germany of no small dimensions. It was not one that gained utterance first in the promise of Allied victory and in the twilight of Nazi domination. It was there all the time with cumulative power.

There are names of spiritual giants in Germany just as illustrious as those of Bishop Berggrav in Norway and Kaj Munk in Denmark. I mention here only Cardinal Faulhaber of the Catholic Church and Bishops Wurm, Meiser and Pastors Niemoeller and Thielicke of the Lutheran Church. They and thousands with them have stood heroically for the freedom of the Church and for Christian principles. Under Bishop Wurm of Stuttgart, eighty-five per cent of the Protestant churches (mostly Lutheran) have banded together in the "Einigungswerk," a united front of churches for evangelical freedom and Christian liberty and for the liberation of the Church from the tyranny of the State. Underlying all and undergirding it has been a deep spiritual movement with prime emphasis on return to utter dependence on the Word of God as the absolute authority in faith and life.

Space does not permit further detail, but I call to mind an incident from the history of ancient Israel. One of the great prophets, Elijah, was ready in his hopelessness to turn back upon his own people in one of the periods of its deepest decadence. But God turned



to face his task as a man of God as He  
him, "There are yet seven thousand in  
who have not bowed their knees to Baal."  
at aid can be given immediately is con-  
upon political situations and Allied  
authorizations. But without question,  
trianity is the only power that has any  
of saving the German nation, or Europe,  
the world. Its principles and truths and  
one can win the battle against Nazism or  
other phase of godlessness and paganism.

Therefore, as opportunity is given, let us  
trians unitedly join in this battle for  
any's soul. The Church in Germany must  
even aid to build tabernacles for religious  
ip to take the place of the thousands of  
nes destroyed, to integrate the congrega-  
life, to furnish Bibles and Christian liter-  
by the millions, to prepare and sustain  
rs and other Christian leaders, to rehabili-  
Christian institutions of mercy, in brief, to  
up a vibrant, strong Church life.

The big task is to evangelize the millions of  
nized German youth. That is a stupen-  
undertaking in itself. The leadership of  
Church must be purged of all that "bowed  
knee to Baal," and of all sympathizers with  
h or other racial persecutions. In the  
mplishment of this there will be a spon-  
us response on the part of the new evan-  
l leadership in Germany which bodes well  
the future.

en as I write this I am on my way to  
York to attend a meeting of Church  
ers from England and the Continent with  
frican Church leaders under the auspices  
he World Council of Churches to lay plans  
the execution of the task that is ours. Ours  
solemn obligation and we approach it with  
r and trembling," because we are humans,  
with courage and hope because the cause  
od's. It is the battle for Europe's soul.  
battle must be won, or else hell will break  
e again with renewed fury.

his is the day of the Church's opportunity.  
us not come with too little and too late.

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## Freedom

(Continued from page 318)

be forgotten. We might all go down, no matter what I did. Why not drop the rifle if we were hit, leave the bulkhead door, slip up the gangway in the jam, get in a lifeboat? Who would remember me at such a time, in such confusion? The officer of the guard might not even live. The records would go down with the ship. How could anyone trace any responsibility to me? If I quit my post and ran, who would know? Who but I?

I was not the colonel, not the captain. I was just one buck private, one insignificant individual in the thousands on the ship, in the millions in the war . . . Who was I to think the universe depended on my doing this or that? What difference would it make in the end what I did? Either way no one would know but I—no one but I and a spirit in me whose good opinion I respected most.

And so it came home to me that a man is never really alone, that he has within him an all-knowing, ever-present Companion who stands guard over him, for him and for other men. A Guard who never leaves that bulkhead door deep in every man. A Force that holds him fast when all men sleep and Nature tempts. A Friend who loves him most, yet can destroy him to save men he does not even know. A Conscience that will not let him live ignobly, and die in peace. A Soul for whom he, and all mankind, can thank God the most.

There I began to learn that Shakespeare was right when he told how the pale cast of thought can sickly o'er the native hue of resolution until it destroys action, but that Shakespeare was wrong when he said that "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." Conscience never made any man afraid to do anything, except the thing that does not become a man. There in the hold of the transport *Saxonia* I was taught that our species does really depend on the soul of individual man, at every danger point; that conscience is the creator and the maintainer of organized human society, and the greatest power we have.

There I began to appreciate, too, how deeply our daily personal security and liberty depends on individuals who are prepared to do more than risk their lives. And I began to see that whereas men need risk only their own lives to confer on men the benefits of scientific discovery and engineering invention, they must pay more dearly for the peace and freedom that political science seeks to provide. For to have peace and freedom men must have government, law and

order and justice, and to have these they must have judges and policemen, and agents of all kinds from President to sentinel who are prepared not only to risk their lives, but also to take the lives of others, for the general good if that horrible need should face them.

If we must pay in this coin to maintain government, we must also pay in it to establish government where it does not yet exist. Whether we are establishing government between tribes, states or nations, the process is the same; the basic unit is still individual man; the government, to be effective, must operate on him individually, by him and for him; and the more directly it depends upon him, and upon his conscience, the more realistic and effective it will be.

If we cannot now escape the mass slaughter of war, we can still seek to lessen that slaughter and make it result in the establishment of government that will save men from having to go through this again. And if we are to succeed in that great undertaking, we must be practical and begin where we are, it seems to me, and preserve the governments that now respect human life and liberty and the conscience of the humble, strengthen them by uniting all their citizens man-to-man and conscience-to-conscience behind this common principle, and seek steadily to extend the number of human beings governed by it.

Idealistic? When a man confronts his God he is facing the Ideal. He has nothing left but the Ideal. Only the Ideal is realistic then.

Peace is a personal thing, and it must be founded on individual persons, not on nations. Freedom is a personal thing, it is a right of individual persons, not of their governments. The Union is a personal thing, it is a government of, by and for individual persons, not a collection of collectivities. And the greatest hope we have today to advance these ancient aspirations is that this war is not what we pretend it is, an impersonal drama played by collectivities, nations, armies, task forces, assembly lines,—but a thing that keeps facing each of us, and all of us together, with the most personal mysteries of life and death.

This war has forced millions of our youth to grapple with the problems we let them think they could safely leave to preachers. It has multiplied Job by the million, put them in uniform instead of sackcloth, and left him facing the mightiest of mysteries. War is no less personal to the woman in love; nor to the mother whose name is called first from the cradle than most often after the battle. Job can be a woman, too.

(Concluded on page 344)



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No, this war is not less personal when one is far from action, waiting, waiting, in the lonely dread that broke even the mighty warrior who slew Goliath. And if we choose to assault the walls of Japan now without the trumpet blast of "Freedom through free government!" how many hearts will echo the vain lament of David: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!"

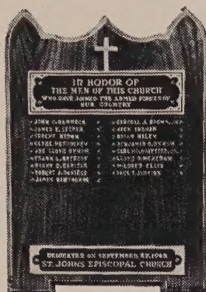
They are not dying for us, my friends, they are dying for our mistakes, for our lack of faith, hope, charity, courage, vision, for our failure to think things through and act in time. The least that we can do is to live henceforth for them, live determined to bring now from all this suffering the great good that conscience bids us each to bring.

—(From a speech delivered in Washington, D. C.)

Small minds discuss *persons*; average minds, *events*; large minds, *ideas*.

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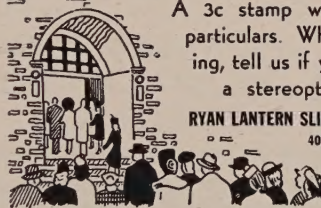
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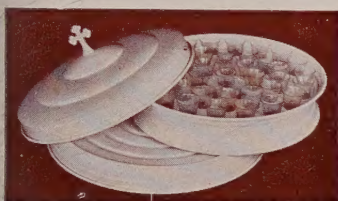
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